

## YOU ASK ME HOW I LIVE \*

Living friendly, feeling friendly,  
Acting fairly to all men,  
Seeking to do that to others,  
They may do to me again,  
Hating no man, scorning no man,  
Wrangling none by word or deed,  
But forbearing, soothing, serving—  
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,  
Is of little Christian use,  
One soft word of kindly peace,  
Is worth a torrent of abuse;  
Calling things bad, calling men bad,  
Adds but darkness to their night;  
If thou wouldst improve thy brother,  
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter  
Human coldness makes the world,  
Every bosom round me frozen,  
Not an eye with pity pearl'd,  
Still my heart with kindness teeming,  
Glad when other hearts are glad,  
And my ears a tear-drop studdeth  
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret  
For our happiness like this,  
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,  
Blessings ever bringeth bliss;  
Lend a helping hand to others,  
Smile though all the world should frown;  
Man is man we all are brothers,  
Black or white, or red and brown.

Man is man through all gradations,  
Little reck it where he stands,  
How divided into nations,  
Scattered over many lands,  
Man is man by form and feature,  
Man by vice and virtue too,  
Man in all one common nature,  
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

## Napoleon and Leipzig.

I think that it is supposed by most of those who have written of the battle of Leipzig that the town at the time of the battle was fortified. This is a mistake. It was in the days of Seven Years' War surrounded by a continuous *enceinte*, strengthened by some outworks; but immediately after that war the levelling of the ramparts commenced. They were removed very gradually, the last curtain—that in front of Schiller Strasse—having disappeared before the middle of the present century. Therefore, in 1813 Leipzig was not fortified in the sense of being in a condition to stand a siege. Any town may be defended by street and house fighting and this was the sort of resistance that was made to the Allied forces when they broke into Leipzig on the 19th October. No doubt the portions of the old *enceinte* and outworks then existing helped the French rearguard a little in their resistance; but the whole assault was an affair of only an hour or two. If the walls had been continuous they might have kept the conquerors, or a large portion of them, back for some days, and materially retarded the pursuit.

The Leipezgers have taken pains to mark by a column each of the principal points in the battles, so that a stranger, after a short survey of the ground, finds his comprehension of the awful struggle pretty clear, if he happens to have read a good account of the order of events.

The great plain of Leipzig extends in every direction from the town as far as the eye can reach. Except by the rivers that flow through it, it is very little broken even in these days of railways and quarries. In 1813, it was probably, in a general sense, unbroken; and the fullest advantage was in that year taken of its extent for fighting purposes; for round the town, there was not a point of the compass where the battle of the 16th to 19th October did not reach. The principal struggle—where the generals-in-chief on both sides were present, and where the great body of the forces was engaged—occurred to the southeast of Leipzig on the

16th and 18th. To the north-east, Marshal Ney opposed Blücher's and Bernadotte's corps. The Allied forces, as the victory inclined to their side, extended towards each other, and finally touched, thus stretching over more than a half circle from north-west to south-west by the east. On the west, by Lindenau, a corps of Austrians ceaselessly endeavoured to drive General Bertrand's corps off the main road to Erfurt. Thus Leipzig was literally encompassed with armies. It is impossible to conceive that "glorious war, as a spectacle, could be more grandly presented; and if there were in Leipzig at the time any spectator whose affections and possessions were untouched by the war; he must have enjoyed scenes of unequalled magnificence on those autumn days.

"By heaven! it is a splendid sight to see,  
(For one who hath no friend, no brother there),  
Their rival scuffs of mixed embroidery,  
Their various arms that glitter in the air,  
What gallant warhounds raise them from their  
bar,

And gnash their fangs, loud yelling for the prey?

All join the chase, but few the triumph share;  
The grave shall bear the choicest prize away,  
And Hæcce scarce for joy can number their array."

Spite of the magnitude and extent of the order of battle, you realize its general features very readily. There is a village about four miles to the south-east named Liebertsdorf, which represents about the centre of the French position of the 16th. An arc drawn through this village, with Leipzig as a centre, and extending from the river, on the right, to the ground in front of Halzhausen village on the left, would pass through the position of the troops handled by Napoleon in person. Of course, the position of the Allies fronted this. It was about the villages right and left of Liebertsdorf that the tremendous struggles took place which make up the first day's battle of Leipzig, so far as the main armies were concerned. Napoleon's position from which he ordered the battle on that day, is marked by a pillar south-west of the village of Prebstheida, and Prebstheida is almost on the straight line, and about half way between Leipzig and Liebertsdorf.

Furious as it was, the struggle of the 16th was indecisive, and a drawn battle was to Napoleon as bad as a defeat; for the object to be gained by fighting at all was to deliver a blow that might seriously discomfit the enemy, paralyse his efforts, and incline him to treat on terms favourable with the French. A tremendous action had been fought, Napoleon's position was worse than it had been before, he knew that reinforcements for the enemy were at hand, and yet he would decide neither to retreat nor to make a provision for his retreat on a future day. It is so difficult to perceive on what reasonable expectation, or even on what chance, of advantage he resolved to fight again in front of Leipzig, that we are compelled to ascribe the second battle to mere pride and wilfulness. Undoubtedly the same kind of obstinacy had succeeded with Napoleon many times before, but those times were very different from 1813. His method of making war took Europe by surprise in his early days; his own abilities, and the fighting condition of his troops, were so superior to what was to be found on the other side, that he might always be said to have a fair chance of success even when things apparently were against him. His justification, then, for running great hazards was in his undoubted moral superiority. But things were suddenly changed now. The Allied army was certainly commanded with as much ability as the French; the Allies were en-

couraged to renewed exertions by the glorious impression which they had made on the foe on the 16th; they were provisioned by a proper commissariat, properly sheltered in their camp, and wanting for nothing that soldiers in the field can have; while the French, having plundered and devoured all the goods and victual of Leipzig and the surrounding country, and having no magazine of their own within reach to draw upon, could turn the day's rest which they got on the 17th to small account. Bonaparte was certainly demented and devoted to destruction. He might yet have shown a sufficient front to make good his retreat with what was left to him. But he chose to risk everything upon the bare chance of beating to-morrow that enemy to whom he had yielded ground yesterday—an enemy in many ways strengthened since then; and paid dearly for his choice!

The main armies did not engage on the 17th; and one may suppose, not unreasonably, that both sides were willing enough to take a little breathing time after their exertions of the day before. The reasons respectively assigned for the pause are, on the part of the French Emperor, that he hoped for an answer to proposals which he had made to Austria the night before, tempting her to withdraw from the alliance; on the part of the Allies, that their reinforcements, which they knew to be at hand, did not come up till afternoon of the 17th, when it was too late to begin fighting. There was a severe cavalry combat away to the north-east on the 17th; but, except for this, it was a day of comparative rest. Napoleon used it to distribute his troops in a fresh position. He contracted his arc of defence, drawing his forces nearer to Leipzig, and made all the preparation in his power for the mortal agony of the 18th. Probstheida, which had before been his own station in rear of his army, he now made his most advanced point of defence. His right, still resting on the river, was at Connewitz; but his left was able to stretch further north than before, being formed on the circumference of a smaller circle. Thus he covered Leipzig and his only way of retreat more effectually. His own station with his reserves was at the tobacco mill on the Thonberg. It is now marked by a pillar, the mill having been removed. He had yielded two miles of ground in thus changing his position, and brought the war close to the suburbs. Such a din of battle, such a pounding of firearms as Leipzig heard next day, had never been heard in the world before. A spectator inside it—let him look which way he might from steeple, monument, or point of vantage—saw embattled hosts in deadly strife. From nine in the morning until the fall of night the carnage continued. The whole of Napoleon's action in this encounter may be described as vainly beating himself to pieces against a foe as obstinate and as wary as himself, and in far better fighting trim than he was. In vain he launched his masses of men on point after point of the enemy's line, endeavoring to break it. He yielded rather than gained ground, and the firmness and superiority of the Allies were so marked, that the Saxons and Württembergers, who, against their inclinations, had been combating on the French side, went over on the field to the other, and turned their arms against him.

After a time it became so certain that the day must end in the retreat, or attempted retreat, of the French, that Schwarzenberg, the generalissimo of the Allied forces, got his men on the great field south-east of Leipzig as much as possible into shelter,